

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

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VOL. V.—NO. 8.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 216.

TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.
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REMOVALS AND DISCONTINUANCES.—It is our custom to notify patrons of the time when their subscriptions terminate, and if they are not renewed, the paper is stopped. We beg our friends not to deem it abrupt or unkind in us if the paper is discontinued, since our mailing clerk keeps the books in accordance with the general system we have adopted, and can exercise no discretion. The proprietors never know, except by chance, when a subscription expires or a paper is discontinued.

TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—We purpose in future to deliver this paper to city subscribers through the regular mail, which can be done for one cent per copy, if the subscribers prepay the postage at this Office. The price of the paper and delivery will be \$2.50, and the subscriber must take the risk of the faithful performance of duty, so far as relates to the Post Office Department.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The wide circulation of the TELEGRAPH now renders it a desirable advertising medium, and the proprietors will continue to occupy a limited portion of their space at the following rates. Twelve and a half cents per line will be the price for a single insertion; each succeeding insertion, eight cents per line. To those who advertise for three months, no extra charge will be made for the first insertion. Every advertisement must be prepaid to secure its appearance for the time it is expected to remain, and it will be discontinued when that time expires.

REMITTANCES TO THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, ENDING JUNE 11.

S. Herron, \$1; G. M. Slayton, 25c.; Julia A. Fitch, \$2; Samuel F. Burdett, \$1; R. W. Jones, \$4; Anthony Gabriel, \$1; M. H. Tuttle, \$1; Frederick Johnson, \$2; Chas. H. Pratt, \$1; Jas. R. Valentine, \$5; Francis North, \$3; R. W. Chappell, \$2; Ezra D. Trask, \$4; Thompson & Lacy, \$1.71; Orlando Mead, \$1; Otis Bently, \$1.50; S. R. Hall, \$3; J. M. Bickford, \$2; A. White, \$12; David Funk, 25c.; Sarah A. Bartis, \$2; Mrs. M. S. Onderdonk, \$2; Alonzo Phelps, \$1; J. P. Aerrill, \$3; L. R. Slade, \$1; E. C. Pades, \$1; G. N. Night, \$2; Mrs. E. S. Walker, \$2; John Graves, 75c.; William Bissell, \$2; Wade Owen, \$2; G. H. Upham, \$2; C. D. Spalding, \$1; John Chapman, \$1; Truman Taylor, \$1; A. M. Dignowity, 40c.; S. B. Nichols, \$2; J. H. Shepherd, \$1; H. Mansfield, \$2; Denton Craze, \$1; A. R. Pease, \$1; Samuel Smith, \$1; Jephtha Bearley, \$2; E. L. Arnold, \$3; C. H. Lewis, \$2; A. H. Ingledue, \$2; T. L. Carey, \$2; T. C. Faulder, \$2; William Young, \$1; Theodore Phelps, \$1; John L. Law, \$6; Benj. Lecaine, \$1; John Brown, \$5; C. M. Grimes, \$3; Lawrence Vought, \$1; J. Stroup, \$2; A. C. Hannan, \$1; Geo. Watts, \$1.75.

Tour for Pleasure and Use.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, wife and son contemplate making a tour in July next, to the White Mountains, and thence to Canada West. If the friends on his proposed route through New Haven, Springfield, Worcester, Boston, Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Portland, Bath, Hallowell, Augusta, Gardiner, Conway, Bartlett and other places en route to the mountains, and thence to Canada West, think any good can be done to the cause of Modern Spiritualism by his meeting with them and relating some of his Spiritual Experiences and showing their significance in the form of a Lecture, he will be happy to serve them. Letters addressed to him at the office of this paper, during this month, will receive attention. Whenever it is not a burden, the compensation may be equal to the expenses. Subscriptions to the TELEGRAPH as a means of disseminating the glad tidings of spiritual intercourse will be solicited.

Tour of John F. Coles.

JOHN F. COLES of this city, well known as the medium of the "Napoleon Prophecies," is about to make a tour West, and will attend the Spiritual Convention at Farmington, Mich., on the 28th and 29th inst. Bro. Coles is a good speaking medium and an effectual lecturer in the normal condition. The friends in Michigan who may desire his services as a lecturer can address him for the present, care of Dr. Whiting, Detroit, Michigan.

It will be perceived by referring to our list of agents that Mr. Coles is authorised to receive subscriptions for all our publications. P. B.

MRS. GOURLAY'S MEDIUMSHIP.

Messrs. Editors of the Telegraph.—Noticing in your highly interesting spiritual journal, an article from my friend Dr. Hare, referring to the medial qualifications of Mrs. M. B. Gourlay, formerly of Philadelphia, but now a resident of your city, I beg the favor of you to allow me also, through your columns, to present that lady as a spiritual medium to the attention and patronage of the investigators of our divine doctrine in your metropolis. My object is more especially to refer to Mrs. Gourlay's great excellence in that phase of medial power which opens the heart and gives irresistible conviction to the mind of the most resisting skeptic, in a full and delightful correspondence with our beloved of the Spirit-world.

I have been the happy recipient of a long and beautiful letter from a much loved brother, who had long since terminated his worldly career, in answer to one addressed to him in a sealed envelope, without super-scription or examination of its contents, and opened by myself on receiving the written answer. My feelings on that occasion afforded me a satisfactory evidence, not only of my perfect faith in immortal life, but of my long tried confidence in the integrity and superior qualifications of Mrs. Gourlay as a test medium, either mechanically, through the dial, or psychometrically in the normal or magnetic condition.

Your friend in the good cause,

WM. GEIB, M.D.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1856.

See Mrs. Gourlay's advertisement in another column.

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We are prepared to furnish the back numbers of the present volume of this paper, and date subscriptions from the first of May, if desired. We can furnish Tiffany's Monthly from its commencement in March last. There can scarcely be a person without friends and neighbors who would thank him or her kindly for inducing them at this time to commence laying up these immortal treasures.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Sansom-street Hall, Philadelphia.

S. B. BRITTON, the Editor of this paper, will lecture at Sansom-street Hall, Philadelphia, next Sunday, 22 inst., morning and evening.

Meetings for lectures are holden at the same Hall, by the Spiritualists, every Sunday.

Newark, N. J.

DR. R. T. HALLOCK will lecture on Spiritualism at Central Hall, 340 Broad-street, Newark, next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

Partridge & Britton's Publications.

Our list embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the office of THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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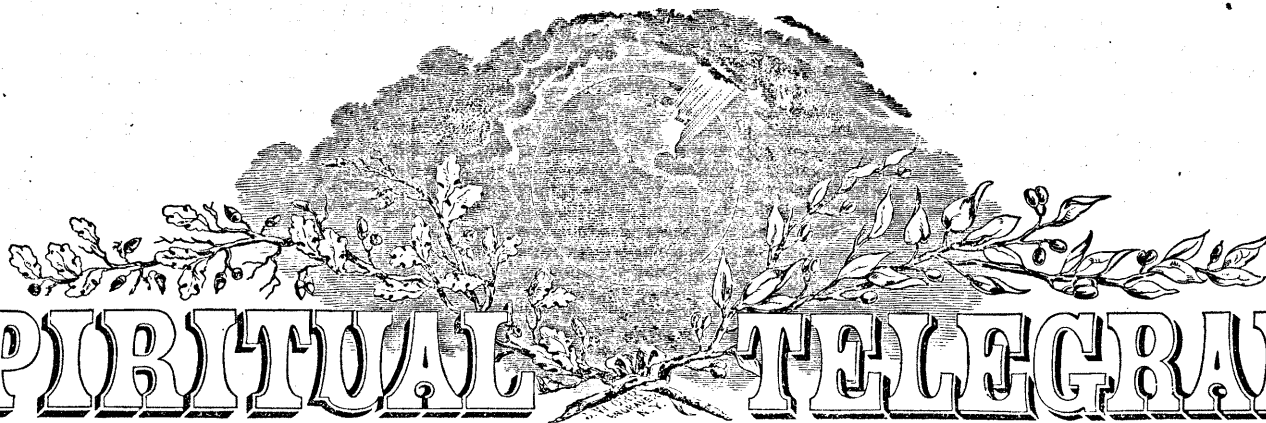
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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 216.

The Principles of Nature.

Original. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THERE is no subject connected with human life in which so much of hope and anxious anticipation excites and interests the mind as that of the immortality of the soul. Existence itself is mysterious and incomprehensible, and no tangible or positive proof is furnished in the lights of nature to satisfy the mind in this respect to the full extent of its aspirations.

The primary cause of our existence and of its continuation in this world is subject to the greatest doubts and perplexities. It is invisible to our senses, and baffles every effort to bring the reality clearly within our mental vision. It is the evidence existing in the nature of things, in surrounding objects, and the laws of nature from which only we can derive anything like a satisfactory conclusion upon this profound and interesting subject. The creation of the world, with its wonderful and mysterious construction; the organization of the heavens, with the sun and moon and stars gloriously stationed therein to afford light and heat to man and beautifully blend with the earth beneath, which affords every comfort and every delight of which the imagination can possibly conceive; diversified with matchless skill and wisdom into mountain and stream, and hill and valley, with every element properly combined, and every substance wisely adjusted with just enough of sun and shade, light and heat, day and night, and of spring and summer, autumn and winter, and of beauty and sublimity, to afford the most exquisite happiness and delight to every creature, would seem to be the workmanship of a great and mysterious Being. These contain within themselves the strongest possible evidence of a wonderful and infinite Creator. The infinite skill displayed in the organization of its various parts and its vast and incomprehensible machinery, the extraordinary adaptation of the minutest particles with the general whole, the perfect and regular order and fitness of every combination in the vast variety of nature bespeak it to be the workmanship of an Almighty Founder. It is said by some that all this incomprehensible and splendid machinery of nature is the result of mere chance. Such a theory is the offspring of the wildest delirium of the brain. What! shall it be said that this mighty workmanship before our eyes, the vast universe towering in awful majesty before us and the exquisite perfection displayed in every part of its organization are the offspring of mere chance? Did chance hang the sun in the heavens and surround it with the moon and stars and the earth, giving to each the power of performing stated and regular revolutions, and the most wonderful and incomprehensible properties?

Did chance fashion the sunbeam, spread out the flowers of the field and form the meandering streams? Does it nurture vegetation and sustain the wants of human life, and supply the vital air to all animal and vegetable existence? Did it form man and beast, and give to each alike incomprehensible prop-

erties and attributes? Common reason and common sense say No. Every thing in nature has written upon it in plain and legible characters the Author of its existence.

Is not design the most perfect, the most profound and mysterious, to be seen in every object in nature, from the smallest particle of matter up to the great globe itself and the mighty universe; in the growth of all animal and vegetable life, the complicated laws of nature and the invisible principle by which the whole is moved and sustained as by the power of magic? The faultless connections, the nice dependencies in the order and regulation of the seasons, their perfect arrangement and adjustment with nature and the existence of animals and vegetables are but small parts of the great plan of perfection; and so of the grandeur and beauty displayed in the fashioning of the hills and valleys, the towering mountains and every rock and stream.

Is there anything imperfect in nature, or anything omitted to fill up the full measure of its perfection. Every part of this wonderful machinery answers No. These evidences therefore prove the mind to have been created—that the Deity gave it its peculiar properties and powers. If so, this question arises: Will he not preserve the work of his creation? As a part of his wonderful work man was created, endowed with certain faculties and capabilities, and filling the sphere for which he was designed, with the same wonderful perfection for which all nature is distinguished.

His happiness and his existence were designed for the honor and glory of the Creator, and to suit his will and pleasure; and why should that existence after a few brief hours of continuance, be suddenly terminated, after having learned that the Creator is great and that existence is a delight? Why should the Creator have displayed so much skill and care in the creation of man, and endowed him with all the powers, passions and desires for pleasure, and fitted him for the performance of the great and important duties devolving upon him here? Why not have formed him like the brute, senseless, passionless, without the power to enlarge, improve, refine and elevate the mind, if his existence is to cease with this life? The immense and infinite labor bestowed upon his creation is all lost or thrown away if this state of being is the last of man's existence. Why destroy a work in which the Deity took so much delight, when nothing is gained thereby? Why destroy the strongest evidence of his power and glory?

Now what is life but a passing dream if the soul is not immortal? What are all past scenes of joy and happiness and human felicity attendant upon this short journey of life, if the dark pall of oblivion is to swallow up the soul? What are all the cherished dreams and aspirations for immortality, if the dark veil of annihilation is to wrap its suffocating folds around our being? Where are the fruits of human intellect and the powers of the mind with which man is endowed, if an endless night is to close over his existence for ever? They are all as evanescent as the midnight creations of the wildest dreams—

they are the veriest fantasies designed only to please the whims of a Deity who created us to suit the dictates of his caprice. To what reasonable or useful end are all the faculties with which life is propped and our being sustained, if the whole is to pass away and be no more for ever? They are useless and unnecessary if annihilation is to be our destiny. Why is it that all conscious beings aspire to immortality if all are to be doomed to disappointment? The thirst for a never-ending existence is deeply implanted within the breast of every human being; not even the wildest barbarian among the most savage hordes is destitute of this thirst for immortality. It would seem as though the Creator might out of the plentitude of his pity and sympathy for the helpless victims of his creation, have forborne this universal desire, this ever-cherished hope, if it was to meet with universal disappointment. The very fact, therefore, that the fond hope of immortality is so universally cherished, is the strongest and most convincing evidence that that hope is to be gratified. Any other conclusion is attributing to Deity the harshest cruelty to his creatures. His purposes of creation could just as well have been answered without implanting this hope within us, if the doctrine of annihilation be true. I am led to believe therefore that this hope so universally cherished is a sure guarantee of an endless existence beyond the grave. But a concurrent reason of a very strong and convincing character, in my judgment, in support of the endless duration of the soul, is to be found in the universal principle of progress pervading all nature; a regular progression of intellectual improvement, and a constant advancement in wisdom and a higher degree of intelligence attend the whole course of human life from infancy to old age. Nothing in nature remains stationary. A higher degree of perfection in the development of human character and the intellectual faculties is constantly taking place. Why is this so, unless the soul is designed for higher purposes than what is visible in the enjoyment of this state of existence? The progress of the mind in its earthly career, is surprising, as appears by the contrast from infancy to manhood. The contrast of infancy with manhood is like contrasting the streamlet with the mighty ocean. The difference is as great in the one case as in the other. Why is this astonishing progress unless the mind is designed for a higher state of happiness in another state of existence? If annihilation is its ultimate destiny, why not allow the faculties to remain stationary, without making any approach to improvement beyond what is indispensably necessary to a bare existence in this world? The mind of man with its wonderful faculties was eminently worthy of its great founder; and He considered it worthy of the skill which he employed in its creation. Now common sense pronounces that if these faculties were worthy of a creation they were worth preserving; and the constant progress and advancement which distinguish their onward course is conclusive evidence that their preservation is designed by the Supreme Being. The wonderful revolutions and changes from infancy to manhood and from man

hood to old age, when contemplated in connection with the undying thirst for an everlasting existence that pervades the mind of every conscious being, furnish the strongest inferential proof that the soul is immortal. I consider the proof of this fact as strong in the development of nature as that of the existence of the Supreme Being himself. The admission of the proof of the latter fact is conclusive proof of the former, and without the hope of this truth our existence here is but an idle song—a miserable delusion. It is but a passing shadow glimmering and fading, and then vanishing for ever. What are the scenes of pleasure and the manifold enjoyments of this world that are intermingled with disappointed hopes, and blighted affections and accumulated sufferings? They are the creatures of an hour, as fleeting as the idle winds; and no sooner are they obtained than they are lost for ever. That undying hope of immortality that cheers us on through every joy and every sorrow, and every darkness that crosses the path of human life reconciles us to the visitation of every adversity and every ill, and sweetens the cup of our earthly existence; and it dispels the darkest cloud that hovers upon the verge of another state of existence.

Another strong and convincing proof of the doctrine I have been endeavoring to inculcate is the almost universal opinion entertained that there is another state of existence. There is hardly an exception to be found to this belief either in barbarous or civilized society. This belief has been the theme of poets and philosophers both in ancient and modern times. It is alike believed by civilized and barbarous nations, by the learned and the unlearned, by the wise and the ignorant, the cultivated and the uncultivated, and every grade and condition of society in every age. Now why this universal belief, if it is founded in error? Why should the Deity allow the vast body of his creatures to indulge in a belief so unfounded unless it is true? Errors have been the subject of belief among particular nations and classes of men, but none so wide and universal as that of the immortality of the soul.

There is great conflict in the opinions of mankind in respect to the condition of the soul in the world to come, but very little as to its existence in another world. Now various notions respecting the nature and powers of Deity have prevailed, and various superstitions have been entertained, and some of the wildest and most visionary character, but a vast majority of all grades and conditions of men are united in the belief of the immortality of the soul. Now, as I said before, Why should so universally cherished an opinion be allowed to prevail, and why should the Deity suffer the belief in the immortality of the soul, if the idea is but a mere fantasy? Why allow his creatures to indulge in an opinion so utterly false and unfounded? The deception is cruel and idle in the extreme. The most rational view is that the infinite love and benevolence of the Deity would have induced him to deceive his creatures in this respect, if the idea is really and truly a deception. How irrational and improbable it is that the mere creatures of an hour should aspire to the enjoyment of, and be so strongly impressed with, the truth of what is in reality a falsehood, and a mere visionary theory. Such a consequence is the offspring of the grossest folly. Another strong proof of the immortality of the soul is the fact that the spirit is vastly more powerful than the matter with which it is embodied. Now it is a fact which has never been refuted, that this matter can never be destroyed or in the least diminished. It has undergone many a change and many a revolution during the eventful progress of time, during the history of human life from age to age and from generation to generation. It has during this time assumed a variety of shapes and multiplicity of forms, but not one jot or tittle has been destroyed. The little atom of matter that serves to form alike the tiny pebble, the rustling leaf, and the great globe itself, and also the human body, is the same yesterday, now and forever—it is as old as time and as unchangeable in its nature, and not in the least subject to decay. It has survived the wreck of thrones, the downfall of empires, and kingdoms, and the passing away of generations upon generations that were long since engulfed in the dark bosom of time. The spring and summer blossoms are scattered by the autumnal blast, but the flower is withered from its parent stem only for a season—it will shoot forth again with equal freshness and beauty. The green fields, the rustling leaves, and the flowers of the season, must be succeeded by the yellow leaf, the frosts of autumn and the withered prospect of decayed vegetation, but the inde-

structible matter of which they are composed ever remains the same without change or the least diminution. Likewise the clay covering of the spirit must be stripped off and give place to more enduring habiliments.

The earthly body must put on a spiritual body, and assume the robes of immortality. Now if the matter with which the mind in this state of existence is connected survives the dissolution of such connection, and the separation of these combinations, why will not the mind itself also? What becomes of the intellectual part of the combination when these elements are dissolved? The mind moves, controls, protects and preserves the body through all its earthly career, guiding and directing its every movement, and governing it with the most entire and absolute sway. Without the aid of the spirit the body falls prostrate and powerless to the ground, thus demonstrating the superiority of the former over the latter. Now, is the theory a rational one that proves the more powerful element of these wonderful combinations to cease with life, and the weaker to survive it? The more reasonable theory would seem to say that the most powerful element is the most durable necessarily, and will outlive the weaker, if either possesses this power.

The prospect of eternal life beyond the grave would seem to be pretty well established from the lights which nature affords; but what shall be the nature of that existence except as taught by modern Spiritualism is more difficult of solution. What will be the employment of the mind, in what scenes it will mingle, and what will constitute its happiness, and what will be its participations and realizations, is beyond the scope of human comprehension. Investigation, aside from the Spiritualism of the day, and the evidences thereby furnished, is incompetent to remove the usages and labyrinths with which the subject is surrounded. Another world is a shadowy realm, around which the dark clouds of uncertainty have thickly gathered. The mysterious covering that veils it from our sight seems too deep for the comprehension of mortals. The Spiritualists say that the mind, when it is disembodied from the clay with which it is encased in this life, remains near us, acting as a watchful sentinel over the living, communicating with them through mediums and by other means, and that it enters the portals of another world with the same powers of mind, and with the like vices and virtues attaching to it when life departed; that wandering Spirits—the Spirits of the departed—are hovering about us, directing our thoughts, prompting our ideas, and holding communion in a variety of ways with us, and chasing away the dark fancies of melancholy and gloom with which our lonely hours are oftentimes beset. A portion of this theory rests upon a very reasonable and probable basis, viz., that portion of it holding that these Spirits are dwelling near us. If the mind lives beyond the pale of its mortal existence, with a recollection of its former friends, ties, associations and relationships, it is quite reasonable to suppose that it would prefer to occupy a place near such friends, associates and relations, without seeking a higher elevation, or soaring upward and seeking a dwelling-place in the skies. This theory is a beautiful theory; for while it proves the soul to exist beyond the grave, it assures us that the Spirits of our departed friends are with us, still interesting themselves in our welfare and happiness, and holding communion with us, freed from the shackles that bound them in the flesh; that they are with us still, shielding us from harm, watching over our destiny and cheering us onward as we are passing down the stream of life. Whether true or false, it is a beautiful theory, happy in the extreme. It robs death of its victory, and the grave of its terrors; it renders certain what was before uncertain; it assures to the poor wanderer through earthly sorrows and adversities, that there is a resting-place beyond the grave, a beautiful home in another world, surrounded with greater joys, purer delights, and higher affections and more enduring happiness; and that his friends, though removed from his sight, are still near him, participating in his joys and sorrows. Whether this theory be true I pretend not to know, having never witnessed any evidence sufficient to satisfy my mind.

J. H.

FEAR.—The raven locks of the terror stricken may become white in a moment. FEAR may overthrow the Empire of Reason and leave the Soul in ruins, but it can make no one wiser, better or happier. It is the influence by which tyrants rule, and the nature of man no less than the experience of the past, authorize the conclusion that it can never secure one loyal subject.

A. S. B.

IDEAS OF GOD AND INSPIRATION.

"We are assimilated to God whom we worship."

THIS I believe to be a great truth, based upon the laws of the human mind. If it is, then it is of very great importance what kind of a God we worship, or what attributes we give to him; for now, as in olden times, each sect has its own ideal God to which the worshipers become gradually assimilated.

If we were left to our own intuitive perceptions to form our own ideal God, we would naturally adore a being similar to ourselves, or a being answering to our highest conceptions. It was so in the earliest ages of the world, when the human mind was shrouded in darkness, and a veil of ignorance shut out the light of day.

Moses' God was not elevated above the commonality of the people; for Moses gave to him all the passions which reigned in his own breast. Moses was so constituted that his highest conceptions of a God were that he was a God of revenge and war, a jealous God, and that in his wrath he would destroy all who worshiped any other God beside. Joshua's God was similar to that of Moses, because he himself was similar. But as the people advanced in knowledge and wisdom we find a slight improvement in their ideas of a Deity and his dealings with them. In those dark ages of the world, when the religious sentiments had no beaten path to travel, education or tradition had but little effect upon them. Therefore the people worshiped a God similar to themselves, which was the highest conception of their minds. To find out their true character it is only necessary to learn what their views were in regard to the God whom they worshiped.

As the world slowly progressed up the Christian era we find their views of a Supreme Being were slowly changed, though education prevented them from forming the highest conceptions of him which to them were possible. Take a child born with a well-organized mind; let it be educated away from the wickedness of the world, and allowed a harmonious development of all the faculties of the mind, and let it be unbiased by education or tradition—its idea of a Supreme Ruler of the world would give to him the attributes of justice, love, infinite wisdom and unbounded benevolence. It would confide in, admire, love, and adore a Being who rules and governs the world by unchanging laws, dealing out justice unto all the inhabitants of the earth.

But how do we find it at this enlightened age—an age far superior to all others in the advancement of the arts and sciences? It is said that the book of inspiration has long been completed—that it will not do to depend upon our reason; therefore to know the true character of God, we must go far back in the dark ages of the world, when science had hardly shed a ray of light upon the human mind, and take the highest conceptions of him then extant as our ideal which we are in duty bound to become assimilated to. This is a great absurdity urged upon us by those who should know their duty better. It retards the progress of moral and religious truths, and gives us very imperfect ideas of the great and good Ruler of the universe.

Each of the various sects of Christendom looks upon the Deity, not according to their highest conceptions formed in their own minds, but according to their interpretations of the views of those thousands of years ago. Instead of profiting by the progress we have made since the infancy of the human race, we have gone back and adopted their religious errors—the religious opinions of those who, if they were now living, would be looked upon as very poor specimens of humanity.

The book of inspiration completed? Who completed it? Who closed the channels through which wisdom came from above? But inspiration has not ceased; the book of inspiration is open to all as much as it ever was in any age of the world; and the inspiration of to-day is as much superior to the inspiration of the past ages as we are superior to them in all the nobler qualities which adorn the human mind. Let others go far back in the world's history, and search among the rubbish of antiquity, to find in some obscure corner a few inspired thoughts on which their religious natures can subsist—on which to plant their faith and build their church; but let me rather subsist on the living inspiration of to-day—that inspiration which comes direct from above. When all nature is sunken in the arms of balmy sleep, and there is no living thing to disturb the midnight air, let me go forth alone, and seek some sequestered spot beneath the canopy of heaven, and hold

sweet communion with nature and nature's God; and let angels, bright shining angels, draw near, to pour into my soul those living truths which are laid up in store for all who will seek them. Inspiration ceased? how absurd; there is as much need of inspiration to-day as there ever was in any age of the world. All nature is prolific with inspiration. Who has ever stood upon the towering mountain and looked upon the landscape at his feet, and not felt his soul expand, or caught the glimpse of some great truths which were destined at no distant day to become beacon lights to the world! Who has ever wandered along the rock-bound shores of some meandering river; or gazed on Niagara's foaming tide, and not felt that there was a divine principle within which harmonized with a divine principle without; and baptized our spirits in that pure, high and holy baptism which alone hath power to save? Or who has ever watched the evening twilight as it gradually faded away in the western horizon, to be succeeded by those twinkling orbs in the vast concave above; and not felt a holy calm come over his spirit, giving indication of the presence of invisible beings—departed friends who are watching over us to console us in the time of sorrow; to rejoice with us in the hour of rejoicing; nerving us on to noble deeds, and whispering to us pure and holy thoughts?

Let the reader, then, cast off his traditional notions both of things and of God; let "him prove all things and hold fast that which is good;" test the inspiration both of the past and of the present, by a true ordeal of reasoning. If they will not bear this test, cast them aside. With a holy purpose and watchful care, listen to the inspiration of the present—that living essence which pervades all the works of Deity; and those bright intelligences from the realms above who are ever ready to impart knowledge to our thirsty souls. Open the portals of the understanding to the reception of truth, let it come from whatever source it may. Form in your own free mind according to your highest conceptions, your ideal God; then you will love, admire and adore him; striving to become like him in wisdom, purity and holiness. J. WILDE.

GOV. TALLMADGE TO THE N. C. HERALD.

The following letter from Gov. Tallmadge appeared in a recent issue of the *New Church Herald*, the Swedenborgian paper published in Philadelphia. We are happy to place it on record in our columns, but beg to be excused from a compliance with the request to give place to the *Herald's* lengthy rejoinder. The *Herald* disposes of the spiritual phenomena in a manner that is so trifling, irrational and absurd that our readers would be liable to infer from his remarks that he was *jesting*. We dislike to trifle with the Editor's reputation for ordinary intelligence and candor.—Ed.

DOINGS OF THE SPIRITS.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., April 16, 1856.

Ed. New Church Herald—On my return home last evening, after a few days' absence, I found in the *Herald* of the 6th instant a reply to my letter published in the *Herald* of the 23d of February last. I admire the kind tone and spirit of your remarks, as well as that of your venerable correspondent; and I assure both you and him that that feeling is truly reciprocated by me. I have waited anxiously for this reply, and hoped I should be edified by it. But I am constrained to say that it is a "lame and impotent conclusion."

I gave in my former letter two instances, from the hundreds I have witnessed, of "physical manifestations." First, indentations in hard cherry wood by the handle of a bell tipped with brass, by knocks vehemently made on the under side of the table. Secondly, A sentence purporting to be written by the Spirit of John C. Calhoun, which his most intimate friends pronounced a perfect *fac simile* of his hand-writing. These things were done in a well-lighted room, while my hands, and those of three other persons present, were resting on the top of the table. There was therefore no possibility of deception by any one present. In what way, then, is it attempted to account for these manifestations? Your answer is, "Tricks done by men, and fantasies induced by Spirits, account, as we suppose, for all modern physical manifestations."

But you request my attention to the remarks of your venerable and amiable correspondent, Mr. Robert Boyce, of Canandaigua, N. Y. Well, I have read his remarks with great care, and with a sincere desire to be enlightened by them. And what does he say? Why, he says, in reference to myself and the many disciples of Swedenborg who believe as we do on this subject, "That evil Spirits have taken them captive for the time being."

Thus I have given your own and your correspondent's views of the manner in which these manifestations are produced. I take no exceptions to the frankness of the remarks by which they are accompanied; neither do I for one moment doubt the honesty or sincerity of either. You will, therefore indulge me in the same frankness, and will permit me to say, that your explanations must have something more than a general appeal to the "Heavenly Doctrines." These vague generalities will not answer. Here is a *physical fact* to be accounted for. If it is not spiritual it is philosophical. In either case it is a *fact*. The question must be met. It can no longer, in justice to yourself and your readers, be avoided. But how do you meet it? What do your explanations amount to? Why, simply that they who believe in the reality of these manifestations are controlled by "fantasies induced by Spirits," according to your view; or, "that evil Spirits have taken them captive for the time being," according to the view of your correspondent. I do not understand either of you to say, that these "physical manifestations" are produced by evil Spirits! that might have had some plausibility; but you say evil Spirits produce these fantasies or hallucinations. In other words that we *suppose* we see these things, when in truth we do not—that we are under a mere delusion, and are psychologized by evil Spirits.

Now permit me to say, with all due respect, that this position or theory does in no wise account for or explain the manifestations which I have heretofore submitted for your consideration. It will be as unsatisfactory to your readers generally as to myself. They will be apt to say, as I now most emphatically say, if it was a fantasy or hallucination—in other words, if I was psychologized, and supposed I saw these indentations in the hard cherry table, and a *fac simile* of the hand-writing of Calhoun, when in truth I did not, then when I came out of this psychological state, these indentations and hand-writing would have disappeared also. But instead of that, they still remain, and have been seen by hundreds, and are still to be seen by yourself and your correspondent, if you please. Were these hundreds psychologized when they saw them? or were they under the influence of "fantasies induced by Spirits?" or had "evil Spirits taken them captive for the time being?" Would you and your correspondent be psychologized or influenced by the same fantasy, or led captive by evil Spirits, if you should see them? These interrogatories in themselves show the absurdity of your position and of the answer you would give them. Why then persist in it? Why not frankly say, that after mature deliberation and reflection, you are satisfied that the *facts* exist as I have related them, and that your theory can not ignore the *facts*; and try some other explanation if you still doubt the spiritual theory.

I know many of the most devoted disciples of Swedenborg who are grieved at your unreasonable position, and who, "more in sorrow than in anger," unequivocally condemn your persistence in a theory so untenable, and the groundlessness of which has been demonstrated over and over again. Let no pride of opinion prevent your doing justice to yourself and others in this matter. May I then, without offense and in all kindness, beseech you and your correspondent to reconsider and abandon your position, and no longer charge such a theory upon the teachings of Swedenborg, whose memory I, with all that have any knowledge of him and his writings, esteem and venerate.

It is in vain for you and your correspondent to refer me to "the Word of God and the writings of Swedenborg," to enlighten me on this subject. Neither the one nor the other can make me ignore a *physical fact*. I probably have as exalted an opinion of the Bible as your correspondent; I have studied it much; I have also read somewhat of the writings of Swedenborg, and intend to read more, unless I am deterred from it by the crudities put forth in his name. These "spiritual manifestations" have directed the attention of hundreds to the writings of Swedenborg, where one was directed to them before; and I have thought that they were intended to usher in the doctrines of the New Jerusalem to the notice of mankind, where so few only have known them before. Shall men be encouraged to pursue their inquiries? or shall they be driven away by the incongruities put forth in the name of Swedenborg, and which are rejected by the evidence of their own senses? In saying this I say it in all kindness. I have many prepossessions in favor of the New Church. My father and mother belonged

to it, and died in the full faith of its doctrines. But I say in all candor and frankness, that your position in regard to the "spiritual manifestations" has repelled my advances like the coldness of an iceberg! I beg of you, therefore, once more to reconsider your theory on this subject, and no longer endeavor to maintain it against reason and common sense. It is "like the baseless fabric of a vision." It has not and never can have any foundation to rest upon.

Very respectfully yours

N. P. TALLMADGE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN PRISON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE muse doth visit prisons.

Iron bars
And bolts exclude terrestrial visitants;
But through the grated pane, where Heaven's blest sun
Strikes faintly or with dim glance turns away,
She cometh.

Pleasure in its round o'erlooks
The mournful captive; Friendship may forget,
Even Piety forego her Lord's command:
But o'er all cold oblivious obstacles
She cometh, in her tenderness and truth.

Thus did she visit Raleigh, when the spite
Of the First Stuart, and the traitor-art
Of Cecil, and brutality of Coke,
Thrust to a squalid dungeon in the Tower
The soul of eloquence and chivalry.

Moons waxed and waned, and years trod slow on years,
While o'er the falsely sentenced stole the snows
That chill the temples, and diseases, born
From damp imprisoning walls, like vampires clutched
His graceful form, till dire Paralysis
Usurped with icy reign the wheels of life,
And drove them heavily.

Still, with bright eye
And strain ethereal, lingered in his cell
That angel-visitant. Dipping her pen
Deep in the molten gold of History,
She wrapped him in the Past; and then she struck
Her lyre, and sang of time and fate and death,
Till, soaring o'er them all, he stood benign
In the great night of the immortality.

And so he fed on food his haughty foes
Knew not, nor skilled to taste.

The inner ear,
Shaping itself to heavenly harmonies,
Gained sacred knowledge, as the bee bears home
The spirit of the rose unto her hive.

Perchance the oppressors laughed, and closer grasped
The mace and scepter, meting unto him
Scaffold and axe.

But, when he seemed to fall,
He highest rose in his Deliverer's strength
To swell the song that had no prison-tone.

HARTFORD, CONN., Feb. 14, 1856.

—Prisoner's Friend.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

THE angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered in fraternal unity over the world. It was evening. They rested on a hill not far from the habitations of man. A placid calmness prevailed everywhere; even the sound of the curfew ceased in the distant hamlet.

Calmly and silently, as is their wont, the two beneficent angels of mankind held each other embraced until night approached. Then the angel of sleep arose from his mossy seat and strewed with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber.

The evening breeze carried them to the quiet dwellings of the tired country people, and sweet sleep descended on the dwellers in their rural huts, from the old man with his crutch to the babe in the cradle. The sick once more forgot their pains, the troubled soul her grief, and poverty her cares, for every eye was closed.

Now, his task being done, the beneficent angel of sleep returned to his graver brother. "When the light of morning arises," he exclaimed with innocent joy, "then mankind will praise me as their friend and benefactor. What a blessing to do good in secret! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful our silent calling!" Thus spoke the gentle angel of sleep.

The angel of death gazed at him with a look of soft melancholy, and a tear, such as immortal beings shed, glistened in his large dark eye, "Alas!" said he, "would that I could enjoy cheerful gratitude like thee! The world calls me her enemy and disturber!"

"Oh, my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "will not, at the awakening, the good man acknowledge thee as his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brethren and messengers of one Father?"

When he thus spoke, the eye of the angel of death glistened brightly, and the fraternal Spirits embraced with renewed tenderness.—Krummacher.

THE GOOD die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket. WORDSWORTH.



"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

TRUE MONUMENT BUILDERS.

Just as Europe began to emerge from barbarism, into the light of civilization and humanity, there appeared a class of men whose labors won them the name of "the Bridge builders." Builders of bridges they were, exclusively. Whence they came was a mystery, and from place to place they went as they came. But it matters little who they were or whence they came, so long as their work was good; and because it was good, history has recorded their collective name with affection and reverence. It was their labor that spanned the rivers, and broke those barriers of nature which had long been the potent ally of barbarism and feud. They knitted together communities by creating facilities for communication, and it would scarcely be hazardous of truth to affirm, that they wrought more and better for human progress than all the cloistered monks of their age. They were the founders of an imperishable class of monuments—they were true monument builders.

So, too, radiating the splendors of their genius amid the gloom of those mediæval centuries of the Christian Era, came a brother band of masons, or temple builders, under whose hands arose all that is most magnificent of the architecture of Europe. The grand cathedral, springing sky-ward, winged as it were with its own ethereal beauty; the stately abbey, and the way-side cross, all traced with a wealth of imagery vast as the longings of the most passionate art-loving soul, remain to speak for their builders, though later monuments of ruder art are perished and forgotten. Whence these masons came was a mystery, and their disappearance was as remarkable. With them the era of modern grand temple building began and closed. Their work was one of civilization, and because they wrought it nobly, history names them with eulogy, not only as surpassing temple builders, but also as the institutors of the Gothic order of architecture, whose lines inspire the soul instinctively with lofty inspirations and adoration. They built well, and in building for mankind constructed for themselves a more lasting monument than the hand of art could frame.

Those who wish to defy oblivion from behind some monument, can do so most certainly in other ways than building to themselves costly mausoleums. The pyramids, it is true, commemorate a race of Pharaohs, but the record of no single life is revealed or called up thereby. They are memorials, only as one grave or one church-yard is a memorial of our universal mortality. But how readily could we pluck from the broad page of history, memorable and revered names whose only monument is some great, brave, good deed done for mankind—perchance done on the field of battle, but as possibly done in the field of peace. It was the creation or defense of some public enjoyment—some privilege or right; and the doers thought not of the fruit of fame it should bear to their memories in after ages. They wrought undesignedly their own imperishable monuments. Long before the era that gave it birth, they unconsciously proved the truth of the saying, "cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return after many days." These were, like their fellows of every age, true monument builders.

Our own times and land are not without such. Nay, considering the odds we have had to struggle against—odds, too, of a nature to stir all our mercenary faculties and quicken all our selfish wits—we can compete with older nations through our list of unselfish self-monument builders. It is not necessary that we should rehearse a long list of them to prove what we say. A single example will as well "point the moral and adorn the tale." Let us take as that example the magnificent beneficence of PETER COOPER, as manifested in a single deed of his bravely good life—the erection and dedication to the common weal of this city, of one of the noblest educational institutions in the world, at a cost to himself of half a million of dollars. Not a princely memorial of benignant humanity this; for if princes

ever gave for the common weal, it was but a tithe of what they had wrung from the sweat and blood of the poor. Nay, this is more than princely—this is a memorial to immortalize a man and a Christian, who, in the midst of selfishness and greed for worldly gain, intensified by the competitive life of a great mart, yields to a more human, and yet a diviner spirit, and of the goods he has gathered by industry, enterprise and virtue, gives large measure in his life time to bless the world. Innocent of such intent, Peter Cooper has built to his own renown a monument that will outlast the beautiful educational temple that bears his name. Thus, too, did Amos Lawrence, giving with his right hand so that his left knew not thereof, rear his imperishable memorial shaft. Thus, too, Gerritt Smith, whose largesses to the poor and the oppressed, have graven his name on tablets more durable than marble or brass.

It is the truthful language of an old poet:

"How shines a good deed in this naughty world."

But not more brightly than shines the name of him who wrought it. Immortality is the universal longing of the human soul—not alone to be immortal through translation to a higher and diviner life, but also to be well remembered among the generations of men. To secure this earthly immortality how few build their monuments aright. They build to themselves, and their names perish—or they build for mankind, and are remembered when time has whelmed pyramid, obelisk, temple and column, and gray ruin weaves her ivy above the sepulchers of forgotten kings. There is a moral in all this, which should tempt the ears of the selfishly ambitious rich. The moral is this: they desire renown, and to have their names perpetuated. Let them of their wealth build temples of knowledge, or hospitals, or cheap model homes for the poor, and their names will not be lost, but will, like:

"The memories of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom from the dust."

It is not the cheapest nor the best, while it is by far the least enduring earthly immortality, that depends on bulk of granite or marble. The Rhodian Colossus is evanished; the pyramids are lost to the memory of their founders; even the surviving Sphinx has forgotten his riddle, and if the vain-boasting sculptor had hewn Athos into a statue of Alexander, time would have trampled it to dust. The good deed, shining abroad and onward, in proportion to the breadth of its beneficence, is the pharos that looms defiantly over the tide of oblivion, bearing on its rays as on wings of vestal fire, the name of him who wrought it.

SPECIMEN OF NEW CHURCH LOGIC.

VISIBLE INTERCOURSE WITH SPIRITS NOT DESIRABLE.

If angels were to talk to us face to face, what would it amount to more than a communication of their affections and their thoughts? And this is possible without open communication so far as we are capable of receiving them. But the visible presence of angels would not increase our capacity for their truths, while it would take away our liberty by compelling agreement—in fact, by taking away the power to believe otherwise, making us mere paper or parchment—entirely passive. Therefore we should not seek such intercourse.—*N. C. Herald.*

We have seldom found a greater number of unwarrantable assumptions in the same space than the above paragraph contains. It is, however, a characteristic specimen of the logic which the *New Church Herald* constantly employs in its opposition to Modern Spiritualism. We must indulge in a query or two. If the angels are our superiors why may we not receive an increasing measure of truth by associating with them? It is generally true, with respect to our intercourse in this world, that those who keep good society improve in their minds and manners; and we see no reason why angelic companions may not exert as good an influence on men as men can possibly do on each other.

Again, why should the angels, who are in the love of liberty be disposed to rob us of what we so much need, and what they already possess? As to "compelling agreement," we know of no place where this is done save in *sectarian churches*. Moreover, if men became mere things—"mere paper or parchment"—by keeping company with angels, we may suppose that Heaven contains no living, conscious souls, but in their stead, vast quantities of *printing materials*, the Spirits of men bring all converted into stationery as fast as they enter the angelic abodes! If this reasoning is worth any thing the saints should all take warning and not get caught in company with the angels.

MOUNT VERNON.

Almost within sight of a capital that bears the greatest of republican, as well as one of the greatest of mortal names, lies Mount Vernon. It is an estate named after a proud English noble, but famed as the home, for nearly half a century, of one who led Freedom's host until Britain's Lords and Commons were alike humbled, and the Lion of an insolent despotism was made to trail his mane in the dust. Mount Vernon—for nearly half a century the home of Washington, whose fame has given the name of that home a renown wide as habitable space, and perpetual as time—Mount Vernon—not only the home, but the sepulcher-place of the best, the bravest, and the purest of the mighty dead! Of that sole man on the record of our race, who accomplished the supremest destiny ambition could desire—the freedom of his country, the love of his countrymen, and the admiration of the world, without yielding to one temptation of power, or leaving one stain on a character peerless among men—a character forever intensifying its beauty in the light of its own brightness, and across which might fitly be written by the finger of an angel:

"He served his country and his God."

Yes, there lies Mount Vernon, and the dust of its once living and forever immortal possessor molders within a shattered mausoleum on its soil. For half a century it has moldered there, and the hands of time and modern Vandals have been alike rude; the one by its gradual decay of the fair forms and surroundings of Washington's home, and the others by their sudden and impious defacements of home, grounds and grave. Sunshine and shadow have long floated over dwelling and tomb, since their great tenant went out from one and down into the other, and each succeeding day the sunshine has fallen on a sadder picture of mutilation, and the shadow has perpetually deepened over a scene of growing desolation. Miltiades has beaten back the Persian; Greece and her altars are safe, but the ashes of her deliverer may be loosely scattered upon a soil saved from the tread of Helots, to be desecrated by robbers.

The Switzer among the Alps, and the Tyrolean climbing his native hills, kindled in all their pulses by memories of Hofer and Tell, would hardly believe, were it told them, that Washington's home was begging for purchase at the hands of the Republic he founded, and that his ashes, almost under the shadow of that Republic's capital, were scarcely sheltered from the winds and rains of heaven. Yet it is so! Pilgrims who have crossed oceans to offer up homage at the home-hearth and tomb of Washington, have turned away shocked when they found garden, and field, and grove desolate; the hearthstone cold; the urn broken, and the triple ruin given over to avarice and Vandalism. Now and then, indeed, the heart of the nation, always beating right, has swelled indignantly at the recital of some peculiar mutilation—some audacious barbarism, and the cry has gone forth to the representatives of the people: "Buy us Mount Vernon, to be our possession forever. Let it become a national trophy—a monument and shrine, free and sacred to all pilgrims of Freedom throughout the world and through all time." But there has never been more than an idle response to this cry.

At any period for a quarter of a century past, the people have been ready to pay ample price to make Mount Vernon national property; yet it is only now, when an organization of women, under the name of "The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union," have taken the subject up, that the rescue of Washington's home and tomb from the hands of mercenaries and ravagers, seems, for the first time, probable. The home and tomb, with seven hundred acres of ground immediately surrounding, are offered to the nation or to Virginia, by their present owner, John A. Washington, for \$200,000—the title, whichever may be the purchaser, to be vested in Virginia. The price is, of course, far beyond intrinsic value; but Mr. John A. Washington, albeit a descendant of his immortal namesake, is manifestly willing to speculate on the ashes and fame of his ancestors, and he should be paid his price. What is it from the pocket of a nation of twenty-five million souls, all in debt to Washington? We are not surprised that the women have thus taken the matter (successfully, too,) in hand. They have come forward to vindicate their sex, by honoring the mother and wife of Washington, in honoring him. They have come forward, also, to rebuke and shame the laggard manhood of the nation, which has so long refused to do justice to itself and to the greatest benefactor of our country and race.

A COMPLAINT HEARD.

We are aware that many of our readers must in the nature of things feel that they have already had enough, *pro et contra*, on the subject of Shakerism; but as two of our fellow mortals appear to have had their peace of mind seriously disturbed by some things which *have* and by some things which *have not* appeared in our columns, we deem it not improper to listen to a statement of their grievances, which one of them, writing for both, offers in the following communication:

MR. EDITOR:

It was with surprise and regret that many readers of the TELEGRAPH saw in the issue for last week, so large a portion of its space filled with another lame attempt to set forth the claims of Shakerism, and also an abusive personal attack upon an individual whose character is too well known, and whose reputation is too far above reproach to need any words of justification with those who are honored by his acquaintance.

When during the last winter, so much has been said by "F. W. Evans," through the columns of the TELEGRAPH, in favor of Shakerism, and the opinion obtained in some minds that a wrong impression might be made in certain quarters as to the real character and tendencies of the system, it was suggested to Wm. White of Springfield, that since he had, in the honest and earnest pursuit of the good and the true life, passed through a seven years' experience of the practical workings of the system, and since during those seven years he passed rapidly through various stages of promotion in the community with which he was connected, and held his position of honor and influence unapproached up to the very day of his secession from them—he was peculiarly qualified to present the other side of the question. It was not for one moment supposed that the conductors of the TELEGRAPH would object to the use of its columns for such a purpose.

Mr. White prepared an article and forwarded it to the TELEGRAPH, and when only a small part of it was published, and that in an obscure manner, with certain deprecatory remarks, the result was attributed rather to the partiality of the temporary conductor of the paper, than to any settled intention by its permanent Editor to hinder the elucidation of the truth. It was then, I repeat, with sorrow and surprise that I read in last week's TELEGRAPH, the article to which I have referred. It looks as though the TELEGRAPH instead of being, as heretofore it has been, an Organ for the expression of honest though opposite opinions, is to be, at least on this subject, shut up to one side of the question, and, besides, made the vehicle through which high-minded, honorable men are to suffer from vile aspersions and false innuendoes.

I know that the communities of the Shakers are feeling most sensibly the losses they suffer from the numerous secessions that are constantly taking place among them. I know they are making energetic efforts to strengthen their organization. I know how willing they are to purchase and distribute those numbers of the TELEGRAPH in which their doctrines are set forth and extolled; I have moreover, with yourself and others, great faith in the ultimate success of the truth if it only have a fair chance, and especially by the side of such senseless gibberish as is put forth to sustain Shakerism. But I put it to you, Mr. Editor, whether there be not some occasion for complaint?

I find upon consultation with Mr. White, that he considers himself excluded from the columns of the TELEGRAPH as a means of repelling the insults upon his personal character, or of replying to what are called arguments in favor of Shakerism, and my own sense of justice would not permit me to remain silent without an attempt to have the wrong made right.

Yours for the truth,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., May 26, 1856.

E. W. DICKINSON.

No doubt Mr. Dickinson will breathe much more easily after freeing his mind of the above; but that our readers may be able to judge with what reason this attempt is made to haul us over the coals, we will cursorily glance at the history of the affairs which have produced this dissatisfaction.

In the month of February last, four articles appeared in the columns of the TELEGRAPH, more or less involving the subject of Shakerism. Two of those written by myself, and published February 9 and 23, were mostly expositions of the *spiritualistic* features which have characterized the Shakers from their origin, giving details of facts and phenomena which legitimately belonged to our readers as a portion of the *History of Spiritualism*. One article, ("*Shakerism vs. Owenism*," by F. W. Evans, and published February 2,) was not inappropriate (as we think) to the columns of any free paper, as presenting a peculiar phase of *Socialism*, which general theme has several times been discussed or alluded to in the TELEGRAPH. Another (by Mr. Evans, in our issue of March 1,) was a brief reply to a previous attack on Shaker liberality, but was in no other respect sectarian.

We were not conscious that either or all of these articles possessed any influence that could possibly induce anybody to rush blindfolded and headlong into the open jaws of Shakerism; but seemingly in fear that they might inflict this calamity on some portion of our readers, Mr. William White, acting under the advice of some of his friends, wrote and forwarded us a cautionary article which even if it had been unobjectionable in spirit,

was far too long to be conveniently published to the exclusion of more important matter which was pressing upon us at that time. Willing, however, that whatever we might have published that seemed to bear favorably upon Shakerism should be rebutted by an opposite testimony, we carefully read over Mr. White's manuscript, and extracted *all the material* statements of alleged *fact* as bearing on the subject, and inserted the same in our issue of March 8., afterward re-mailing the manuscript to the author. Feeling aggrieved at statements and representations, of the truth or falsity of which he certainly *ought to know*, Mr. Evans claimed the privilege of replying to Mr. White's statements, and we inserted his reply in the TELEGRAPH of May 24. Here, then, is the whole cause why we have been treated to the above *moreau* from E. W. Dickinson, peppered and salted as it is with such polite expressions as "lame attempt," "abusive," "vehicle," (meaning the TELEGRAPH) "for vile aspersions and false innuendoes," "senseless gibberish," "insults upon personal character," etc!

Now know, oh! E. W. Dickinson and "all men to whom these presents may come," that the only reason, aside from the great length of William White's article, why we did not publish it entire, was not in the "*partiality* of the temporary conductor" of the TELEGRAPH toward the Shakers, as you gratuitously imagine, for he is conscious of no such partiality, but it was because the portions left out, were deemed for the most part decidedly *objectionable in spirit*. We repeat that we gave all the material statements of alleged *fact* contained in that article, and the portions omitted would, if published, have done little more than show to our readers what a cordial contempt one William White had for Shakerism and Shakers. The "temporary conductor" had the common sense to know that the occupancy of the columns of this paper for any such purpose would have been as inconsonant with the wishes of his employers as it would have been improper in itself. He therefore decided that if Mr. White desired to stone Shakers or Shakerism to death by a multitude of hard and vituperative words, he must choose some other arena for the operation than the columns of this paper; and should we be called upon to adjudicate upon a similar article under similar circumstances, it is highly probable that we would come to a similar decision.

As respects Mr. Evans' reply, we have only to say that if he deemed Mr. White's statements untrue and injurious, he had clearly a *right* to correct them; and if his remarks contained anything "abusive" or "insulting to personal character," it seems to us that after what has passed, this might be spoken of with a far better grace by some one else than by either E. W. Dickinson or William White. As to the matters of real controversy between Messrs. Dickinson and White and the Shakers, we leave them to decide them among themselves, having no disposition to take sides with either party.

COUNSEL AND ACTION.

"Old men for counsel, and young men for war."

NEVER was axiom juster, if the world's history be taken for the test. The blood of youth may be fiery, its tongue quick, and its heart impulsive and passionate, but more than counterbalancing all these, are its hope, its faith, its energy and endurance, which, when experience has tempered and ripened judgment and speech, still spur on to high, heroic action. The pioneer men of the world, on the battle field, in the van of colonization, in the development of art and science, and in the prosecution of the mightiest and most perilous enterprises for the world's weal, have stood on the Eastern declivity of life—have begun the march, prosecuted the endeavor, and won their most fadeless laurels ere the noon of their three-score and ten was past.

Unfortunately for the peace and true glory of mankind, the land-mark men of history—the men on whom the eyes and hearts of the million have most admiringly rested, have been its chief warriors; some of them, indeed, noble as mighty; some founders of great empires and redeemers of nations. But of the noblest and mightiest, those who began to win glory bravely past the middle of the "mortal span," are but an exception to the general rule. Hector and Achilles, Alexander and Sesostris, Hannibal and Cæsar, Washington and Napoleon, and thousands whose names have been a light and a terror, trod in young manhood the steep,

"Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

It has been so from the beginning—it will be so to the end of

time. While age sits in weighty deliberation, consulting its fears and doubts, and arguing delay, youth leaps to action. "Advance!" flames for a motto on its banners, and scorning cost and sacrifice, it strikes for the imperial goal and purple. Often madly, no doubt, and to evil purpose, if not with evil intent, yet mainly with an ardor of patriotism and generosity, native to its pulses and blood. Not yet made selfish by the selfishness of the world; not yet a cold scorner of dreams and "castles in the air," amid many phantoms chased with passionate enthusiasm, it finds the track of mighty, obstinate realities—inventions, discoveries, gray old errors, and new truths—and conquers them, bringing revolutions upon the world's ideas, and habits, and faiths, for ever broadening the field in which humanity strugglingly aspires toward its ideals.

Philosophy alone, may claim its champions from the ranks of age; but while the Platos found "visionary republics," and bewilder man with beautiful abstractions, the boy David is slaying the giant Philistine; the divine child, Jesus, is confounding the Doctors of Law, and rejoicing the world with a practical salvation; a new, real world, with republics in its bosom rises on the vision of young Columbus; Galileo is deciphering the mystery of the external heavens, and brave, buoyant youth, fired by love, chivalry and ambition, is everywhere hurling down hydras and chimeras, by daring to fellowship with the new, and to penetrate the unexplored.

Youth, up to the zenith of manhood, is the advancing life-period of nations as well as of men. Up to this point, nations, like men, grow—beyond this, they ripen and decay. Where is the empire that has conquered or wrought most bravely beyond its prime?—where the man—there are occasional exceptions—who plucked his brightest wreath from the brow of glory, past his prime? It was not Egypt, nor Greece, nor Rome; not Shakspeare, nor Phidias, nor Raphael. Lofty, beautiful, generous achievement belongs to the young manhood of men and nations. Youth is curious, fearless, earnest. It seeks to know all, explore all, share all. It must, it can, it will!—and so, while age halts, thinking of its infirmities, its aspirations centered in itself, Youth bounds on, spurred alike by the past and the future, and pioneers the new generations beyond the altars and ashes of the old, to higher goals and to larger triumphs.

IDOLATRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

News from San Francisco asserts that idolatry has actually been instituted upon American soil. The Chinese residents have imported a wooden god, and all the paraphernalia for its worship.

An exchange makes the above announcement, as though at this late day it must be news to the people to be informed that *idolatry really exists in this country*. The truth is, there is so much idol worship everywhere, that we trust no common sense man will cry out against the Mongolians because they prefer a peaceable wooden deity to those which are ordinarily worshipped in this country. Indeed, if some of our idolators who worship golden, fashionable, and sectarian gods, in the shape of false customs and corrupt institutions, that disfigure the bodies and shackle the souls of men, would but put them all away, and buy a harmless wooden god that can do no mischief, the change would doubtless involve a decided improvement on the present system.

Spiritualism in Newark, N. J.

In consequence of the conservative instincts of the inhabitants of our neighbor city, the progress of Spiritualism among them has not heretofore been quite so rapid as in many other places of equal population. Of late, however, a number of energetic friends of the cause have united and applied themselves to the work of disseminating the newly unfolded truth with a zeal answering to its importance. They have secured a convenient hall in a central part of the city, which they use for circles and Sunday lectures; and by means of their united labors the public interest in the cause is on the increase. The writer of this paragraph had the pleasure of spending last Sunday with them, and delivering two lectures to inquiring attentive and intelligent audiences.

T. L. Harris.

AFTER delivering his last lectures for the present in this city, last Sunday, to large and attentive audiences, Bro. H. departed on Monday to the mountains and lakes of the northern part of this State, where, with Mrs. H. he proposes to spend the summer months in quietude and meditation, recruiting mind and body for the efforts of the coming autumn and winter.

FROM THE POET'S HEAVEN.

THE subjoined Poem, as far as the twelfth stanza, with the preceding explanatory remarks and the author's preface, we copy from the *Christian Spiritualist* of last week. On Friday morning, 13th instant, while the Editor of this paper was in his private office, conversing with Mr. Harris respecting the poem, the immortal author suddenly appeared to the medium and gave the four concluding stanzas:—Ed.

The following Poem, claiming to emanate from the Spirit of the gifted and unfortunate Edgar Allen Poe, was dictated through T. L. Harris, while in an entranced condition, on Saturday evening, May 31, S. B. Brittan acting as amanuensis. Mr. H. was conversing with Mr. B., without any expectation of receiving a spiritual visitant, when the author of "The Raven" appeared, another Spirit of the Elizabethan age being also present.

After dictating the closing lines of the Poem, its Spirit-author communicated the brief statement which prefaces it. The medium submits it to the public without comment of his own, feeling assured that its interior character will vindicate its claim. He will simply add that he had received no previous intimation of the Spirit's desire to communicate.

THE RAVEN.

My design in this production has been to embody, in Poetic drapery, the secret of my life. Being from my cradle a haunted man, conscious of more than human presence, and unable, from physiological and mental perversions, to analyze its essence, I grew morbid and melancholy.

This influence was that of my good guardian. Supernal visions, elevating and inspiring, descended from him to me. These visions became distorted in their descent. I wrote under spiritual inspiration. My mediatorial condition was imperfect. I misapprehended and misinterpreted the spiritual truth; hence the gloomy, misanthropic character of my productions.

I left the body to recover sanity; and then, in that mysterious, ethereal, ideal world, discovered the pain-producing, vision-creating influence, operative on me in my earth-life, to have been not demoniacal but celestial.

Pity the man of genius. Madness itself, when accompanied with any degree of physical comfort, is Eden in comparison to the growth-pains of a mind living in the unconscious violation of the Spirit's law; forced to the rack of mental exertion to purchase bread; unable to compete with men of the world; crushed by unfeeling avarice; inly, vainly striving through all despair to give birth to deathless inspirations. I have but partially expressed myself.

E. A. P.

I.
Fires within my brain were burning:
Scorning life—despairing—yearning—
Hopeless—blinded in my anguish; through my body's open door,
Came a Raven, foul and sable,
Like those evil birds of fable,
Downward swooping where the drooping specters haunt the Stygian shore—
Not a bird—but something more.

II.
Ghosts of agonies departed,
Festering wounds that long had smarted,
Broken vows, returnless mornings, griefs and miseries of yore,
By some art revived—Undaunted
I gazed steadfast.—The enchanted,
Black, infernal Raven uttered a wild dirge-note evermore.
Not a bird—but something more.

III.
Gazing steady, gazing madly
On the bird, I spake—and sadly,
Broken down too deep for scorning, sought for mercy to implore.
Turning to the bird I blessed it;
In my bosom I caressed it;
Still it pierced my heart and reveled in the palpitating gore;—
'Twas a bird, and something more.

IV.
I grew mad. The crowning fancies,—
Black weeds they, not blooming pansies,
Made me think the bird a Spirit.—"Bird," I cried, "be bird no more.
Take a shape;—be man—be devil—
Be a snake;—rise from thy revel—
From thy banquet rise!—be human; I have seen thee oft before;—
Thou art bird,—and something more."

V.
"Tapping, tapping, striking deeper,
Rousing pain, my body's keeper,
Thou hast oft erewhile sought entrance at the heart's great palace door.
Take thy shape, O gloomy demon,
Fiend, or Spirit most inhuman,
Strike me through; but first, unavailing, let me scan thee o'er and o'er;—
Thou art bird, but something more."

VI.
Still, with sable pinions flapping,
The great Raven, tapping, tapping,
Struck into my breast his talons; vast his wings outspread, and o'er
All my nature cast a pallor;
But I strove with dying valor,
With the pignard of repulsion striking through the form it wore;—
Not a bird, but something more.

VII.
"O thou huge, infernal Raven,
Image that hell's King hath graven,
Image growing more gigantic, nursed beyond the Stygian shore;
Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee,
I would not of wrong impeach thee."
I cried madly.—Then earth opened with a brazen, earthquake roar—
'Twas a bird,—a Demon more.

VIII.
Downward, downward, circling, speeding,
Cries of anguish still unheeding,
Striking through me with his talons,—still that Raven shape he bore,—
Unto Erebus we drifted;
His huge wings by thunders lifted,
Beat 'gainst drifts of white flame-lightning, sprinkled red with human gore.—
'Twas a bird,—a Demon more.

IX.
"I'm no bird—an Angel, Brother,
A Bright Spirit and none other;
I have waited—blissful—tended thee for thirty years and more;—
In thy wild, illusive madness,
In thy blight, disease and sadness
I have sounded, tapping, tapping at thy Spirit's Eden door:—
Not a bird—but Angel more!"

X.
"Shining down with light Elysian
Through the pearly gates of vision,
On thy tranced, soul-lighted fancy, when, across thy chamber floor
Fell the Spirit-moonlight, laden
With soft dew from trees in Aidenn,
Shaken downward—still penitence, drunk by dreaming bards of yore;—
Not a bird—an Angel more.

XI.
"In my Palmyrenian splendor,
In Zenobian regnance tender,
More than Roman, though Aurelian were the kingly name I bore,
I have left my Angel-palace,
Dropping in thy sorrow's chalice
Consolation.—O 'twas blessed—sweet—thy pillow to bend o'er;—
Not a bird—an Angel more."

XII.
"Ended is life's mocking fever;
Where, through citron groves, forever
Blows the spice-wind, and the love-birds tell their rapture o'er and o'er;—
From earth's hell by afrits haunted,
From its evil disenchanted,
I have borne thee;—gaze upon me; didst thou see me e'er before?—
Not a fiend,—an Angel more."

DICTATED FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 13.

XIII.
And I awakened—if to waken
Be to dwell, by grief forsaken—
With the God who dwelt with Angels in the shining age of yore;—
And I stood sublime—victorious—
While below lay Earth, with glorious
Realms of Angels, shining crown-like on its temples evermore—
Not a corpse—a woman more.

XIV.
"Earth," I cried, "thy clouds are shadows
From the Asphodelian meadows,
Of the sky-world floating downward—early rains that from them pour—
Love's own Heaven—thy mother—bore thee
And the Father—God bends o'er thee;
'Tis His hand that crowns thy forehead; thou shalt live for evermore—
Not an Earth—an Eden more."

XV.
As a gem hath many gleamings,
And a day hath many beamings,
And a garden many roses, thrilled with sweetness to the core;
So the Soul hath many ages,
And the Life-Book many pages,
And the Heart's great Gospel opens where the seraphim adore;—
Not a Heart—Love's Angel more.

XVI.
I will write a book hereafter,
Cheerful as a Baby's laughter,
When a mother's breast o'er-leans it on the sainted Spirit-shore;—
Like Apollo, the far darter,
I, the Poet and the Martyr,
Will chant psalms of soul music that shall live for evermore—
Not a fiend—a Brother more.

Original Communications.

LET ME DIE IN SUMMER TIME.

BY A. V. BENTLEY.

Oh! let me die in the calm Summer-time,
When the zephyrs sigh and the wild flowers bloom,
When the grass grows green and fresh is the vine,
Oh! then, let me gently sink to the tomb:
When birds have returned to our Northern home,
And vocal are the woodland valley and lea,
And the myriad voices of Summer come,
Then, oh then, let me die, and bury me.

Aye! let me pass to the bright, Spirit land
Away, when the blithesome music is heard,
Of the humming bee and the breezes bland,
And the sweet notes of the carolling bird:
And die in the beautiful Summer time,
When Nature is draped in her robes of green,
And the Apple-trees' bloom and verdant thyme
Their fragrance bend to the soft, Summer sheen.

And oh! let me die in the morning prime,
When the sun looks forth from his Eastern bowers,
And unbars the light, and calm is the time,
When the pearls and dew-drops rest on the flowers;
For the Spirit forms of the loved are nigh,
The loved and the lost who have gone before,
Where the boundless fields and the azure sky
Stretch broadly away on the Spirit shore.

And they beckon me on to join their throng,
And they wave me hence to the spheres of light,
While faintly I catch the echoing song
That floats from the harps of Seraphs so bright!
Then let me die when the pale stars have fled,
And rise when the radiant morn doth shine;
And oh! let me, the frail, earth casket shed,
And ascend in the glorious Summer time.

DE RUTTER, May, 1856.

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

A PROMISCUOUS circle consisting of some ten or eleven gentlemen and ladies, assembled on the evening of the 31st of May, 1856, at a private dwelling in Galveston. The principal medium was a lady, who had but recently returned from a long sojourn in the vicinity of the residences of Messrs. Koons and Tippie, where she had often attended the circles and witnessed the wonders of their *Spirit-rooms*. She had become developed as a speaking and pantomimic medium; and sensitive to the mysterious influences of that eccentric but elevated Spirit known as *First King*, was in progress of higher medial advancement. Indeed, if the predictions of this incomprehensible dweller of the spheres be fulfilled, he will in the course of some few months be able to exhibit through her all the phenomena (and yet greater) which have attracted crowds of inquirers, skeptics, doubters and believers, of every shade of character and disposition, from widely-distant and ocean-separated regions, to that heretofore obscure locality in the wild hills and forests of Ohio, where the members of the so-called "*Miracle Circle*" are participants in mysteries and rites more surprising than the claims of Oriental magic or the solemnities of the Eleusinian *fani*.

In a few minutes after the circle was formed, the medium was entranced, and a female, who left the earth several years ago, addressed a gentleman present in the language of affection, fraught with sad but cherished memories. He had never before attended a circle or witnessed any of the *manifestations*. Scientific and incredulous, he was disinclined to admit their alleged super-mundane origin; but rational, investigating and unprejudiced, he was willing to accept the testimony of his own senses in proof of facts coming within the scope of legitimate perception. What recollections were awakened, what cords were touched, what passages or scenes—dim amid the shadows of the past—were recalled or revived with impressive distinctness, we know not. Certain it is, however, that the curtain was lifted from before the canvas, and the lineaments of *some one*, associated with the hopes and plans, that once shed their "sweet influences" over his future, were re-produced in all their primeval freshness. He recognized his angel visitant with emotions expressed not by words but tears. But her mission was to him—not to us—and its object was evidently accomplished.

After a few pantomimic scenes a *dark Spirit* took possession of the medium, and spoke to the circle. He appeared reluctant, hesitating and indecisive. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of his communication, since it consisted not less in *action* than in *language*. "Good morning friends," said he. "I happened

to be wandering in this neighborhood, and perceiving that you were engaged in holding a circle, I thought I would drop in for a few minutes." (After a pause)—"I am what is called a progressive Spirit"—(another pause)—"but I am not so happy as I wish to be"—(pause)—"indeed I am not happy"—(pause)—"the air is smoky, too smoky"—(pause)—"I want advice; do give me advice what to do in order to arise to a better region: Do not all speak at once, but one at a time, and tell me what to do to be saved"—(pause)—"O, rum, rum! that is what brought me here." (Question by one of the circle)—"Are you still fond of it?" *Answer*—"Yes, but I can not get it here; there is none to be had"—(pause and inebriety in pantomime)—"O, how many a widow and orphan have I defrauded and ruined; I hope none of you will ever come to this dreadful place." One of the younger members of the circle asked—"Were you not too proud?" He replied in a burst of fury—"Proud, you little imp; what is that to you!—proud!—you had better take care of yourself and keep out of this place." Here one asked him to describe his abode. This request filled him with rage and horror not to be described. His exclamations of anguish and terror resounded in loud reiterated howlings, plainly heard in the neighboring houses. After becoming somewhat calm or exhausted, he continued—"I am seeking for sympathy—for advice—and you ask me to describe my abode! Is this the way you treat me!—is this the consolation you offer! My abode indeed!" (Violent agitation and distress represented in pantomime.) "I hope none of you may ever know it from experience as I have." In a few moments after this he departed.

This description is a mere imperfect shadow of the reality, but it may convey a faint idea of the scene. Faint indeed it must be, for to appreciate it one must have been present. We advised him to try to cultivate good feeling towards others, and to do good instead of the evil which he had done. But the effects were as above depicted.

Almost immediately the medium was influenced by the Spirit of an aged female, who spoke as if without teeth. At a previous circle the same Spirit had manifested herself and given a brief glimpse of her earth-life. She lived in Maine many years ago, and recollects hearing Arnold's expedition up the valley of the Kennebec River to Quebec spoken of. But she said little of the past—seeming to take no interest in the events which filled it. In impressive and simple language she told the circle how they had erred in their treatment of the poor and distressed Spirit who had just left them—how we should exercise kindness and charity toward the fallen and despairing, and strive to lead them to humility, repentance, reformation and progress; remarking that every such act would be a new diamond added to our crowns when we have done with earth, and entered upon a new scene of existence.

At this juncture some of the members were desirous of changing the phase of the manifestations, and we drew around the table requesting "*raps*." After a brief space, the Spirit of a *Quakeress* spoke to us through the medium, and in graceful and pleasing tones inquired: "Why does thee wish for the *rappings*?—why desire to descend to a lower plane of manifestation? Is it to gratify an idle curiosity—a mere vagary of the imagination? The rappings have their use, but *here* they can do no good. Elevated Spirits are trying to instruct you through the medium, and to feed your souls with the fruits of heavenly wisdom and immortal love. Then why waste the moments in search of idle varieties?" etc.

I do not give the words, but a mere approximation to the ideas communicated by this celestial visitor; and I am far from doing justice, in this report, to her sweet and beautiful address. Would that I were able to present it to the world in the pure garb of her earnest and beautiful utterance. It would then do much good. No eloquence could adequately portray the soothing and harmonious influence of her sweet address upon those who listened. It breathed as from an atmosphere laden with the perfume of flowers—a soft emanation of the paradise she inhabits, suggesting an idea—a semblance—an *idolon* of herself.

Ebenezer Allen.

INACTION.—If we estimate a shilling a day which is lost by inaction, and consumed in the support of each man chained down to involuntary idleness by imprisonment, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.—*Johnson.*

SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENTS IN FITCHBURG.

FITCHBURG, MASS., May, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—Having had an opportunity of investigating Spiritualism so called, I would say a few words respecting what has come under my observation this past winter.

Some six or eight persons have met usually twice a week, for the purpose of investigation, and the following are among the results we have obtained. One of the first communications I ever received was this:

"Where two or three are gathered in my name to get light, they shall have all they ask if they seek with a pure heart and an humble mind."

In this we see that a necessary condition of receiving light is purity of purpose. Would it not be wise for all who examine this subject to bear this in mind? Is it reasonable to expect that as pure and elevated Spirits will communicate through a low and degraded medium as will a rough one of a more pure and holy life? To us the answer is obvious. Also those composing the circle must be honest-minded seekers after truth, or the truth will be marred or thrown away.

We hear Spiritualism spoken of, as a new form of infidelity. This looks strange to us, for our Spirit friends have said so much to us about being holy, pure, lamb-like and God-like, exhorting us to treat every man as a brother. Is this infidelity?

One cold Tuesday evening in January, those who were present at our circle will long remember. We had been annoyed by low spirits—especially the mediums, Mr. and Mrs. S. This evening, Mrs. S. being entranced, saw two contending armies or hosts, one bright Spirits and the other dark. A white flag of truce was sent out. The conflict ceased for a few moments, and an angel came and addressed the circle, and said the contention was on our account, and also said it was for each of us to decide this conflict. If we decided for purity and God, such influences as were represented by the bright Spirits, should watch over, guide and protect us. If we decided the other way, then we must expect the influences of the dark Spirits. This was a solemn evening for each of us, and I trust we all chose the light.

A number of Spirits have visited us to obtain instruction. One evening a Spirit came and gave us his name and place of residence, while in the form, the circumstances of his death, etc., which on inquiry we found to be true. After some conversation, (as he spoke through the medium, he said he was in a dark, cold place, and wished to know if there was any hope for him. We assured him that the law of progression was the universal law of heaven, and it remained the same in all the spheres. He said, "I have been to church this day, and the minister says there is no hope." We quoted a number of passages of Scripture setting forth the love of God, which gave him some hope. "But," said he, "I can not love God, for I have never seen him. As for my companions they lie so." But after gazing a moment in my face, he said, "I can love you, for I think you love me;" and said, "will you pray for me?" And now we knelt and united in prayer, while he repeated the words after me in deep and solemn earnest for some time, when he exclaimed, "Praise! praise! for the light is rising upon me." We arose; he felt calm and happy, but weak, and expressed some fear lest he should fall back into the cold, dark place. After encouraging him he left.

This dear brother has been with us several times since, and feels that he is progressing, but says it is a great deal harder than it would have been in the primary school of life. He feels a deep interest for those he left in darkness, and has brought several to our circle to learn. He said to me one evening, "Brother, you must teach these glorious truths to all around." I replied, they will not believe them to be truth. He answered, "I know they will not now, but when they come to this blackness of darkness (for there are a great many around you that will come here) then they will remember what you said to them, and try to get out."

A number of Spirits have come for light or instruction. I will mention some of them, to show the different phases.

A spirit of a woman who drowned herself while in a state of partial derangement came, or rather was brought, by higher Spirits. She was in a state of dependency, and said there was no hope for her; "for," said she, "no murderer hath eternal life." I conversed with her upon the unchangeable love of God, and the relation we sustain to him as his children, telling her that God, the great Father of all, loves us and bids us turn to him with the assurance that he will bless us. Not being able to satisfy all her inquiries, I said to her, "Do you not know that high and holy Angels or Spirits came and taught us here these great truths?" She answered: "I do." She then seemed to comprehend it all. Light and joy sprung up in her mind, and she said, "You must teach these great truths to all"—and then bade us good night.

One evening a Spirit got possession of the medium, and exhibited the most fiendish feelings I ever saw toward my wife and myself in relation to some things that took place while he was in the form, and some things that had been said since, (thus teaching us the great truth that we must speak evil of no man, either in or out of the form). It frightened nearly all present, and we had to command him to leave. After this Spirit left we inquired why he was allowed to come. The answer was, to show you the truth, that death, as we call it, does not change the individual. The other evening he came, or rather said he was brought here and pushed in. He exhibited the same feelings as on the previous evening. I spoke to him of the love of Christ. He said, "do not mention that name, for it is like throwing fire upon me." I said to him, "Brother, if I have ever wronged you in any way, I ask your forgiveness." I can not describe his emotions. It touched a tender spot; one moment he would almost weep, the next the old feeling would come over him. The two strove for the mastery, love and

hatred; at last the good prevailed, and he wept like a child, and he said, "Brother, will you forgive and pray for me?" This he said several times in deep earnest. Then said he, "I must leave or it will hurt the medium." He said, "Will you pray for me every day?"

We were surprised one evening by the announcement of the Spirit of one that had left the form only a day or two previous. She was in a state of doubt and uncertainty in relation to her real situation, not finding that what she had been taught to believe in relation to Spirit-life was true. She said: "I can see my friends weeping, but they will take no notice of me. I know not what it meaneth. Those who brought me here said you would tell me all about it; and can you—will you tell me? for if I can not find God and Heaven, I do not want them to bury my body, for I want to come back." We explained as well as we could the nature of Spirit-life, the law of progression, and the unchangeable love of God. It did not satisfy her mind until we explained to her the way we received our information upon these great truths. After pausing a moment she said, "I love to hear you talk about Christ, but do not believe any thing of the spirit-doctrine that you speak of." But it was quite evident that it had a good effect in soothing her troubled soul.

Brother, you can see the nature of the communications we receive from the Spirit world, and we leave it for all to judge concerning them. To us this is a solemn reality, and we feel that, as it has often been said to us, we stand in a deeply solemn position, between the living and the dead. The words of Moses often occur to my mind: "Put off thy shoes, for the ground on which you stand is holy ground;" and it grieves us to hear this subject ridiculed as it often is, and by those who have not examined it. But we must exercise forbearance, long suffering, and patience, feeling a deep interest for our brother man. If we live as our Spirit friends teach us, we shall pity rather than blame them.

Our mediums are, Mr. Sidney, writing, trance and healing medium; Mrs. Sidney, writing, personating, speaking, examining and prescribing spirit clairvoyant; and Mrs. S. S. Gage, impressive, poetical, writing medium.

EXPERIENCE WITH A HEALING MEDIUM.

"They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Mark, 16:18.

PERMIT me to give to the public, through the columns of your paper my experience with a so-called Healing Medium and Clairvoyant. I will not attempt to explain the principle connected with the subject for a want of knowledge of it, but merely give the facts.

About a year and half ago I began to fail in health; I employed the best physicians who at first and for months treated me for a disease of the stomach and bowels. Under their most skillful treatment I continued to fail until July last, when my disease took a more decided and dangerous form; and from expectorations and hemorrhage, and a thorough examination by three well-informed physicians, my disease was pronounced one of the lungs and heart. Occasionally I was confined for a week at a time to my bed, and as soon as strength would admit I visited a celebrated lung doctor, under whose treatment I remained for over two months. He did for me all his power and skill would admit, but I continued failing. I then tried another physician for some five weeks, who relieved me of some of my sufferings (which had become severe), yet did not help the main disease. Finding no help I abandoned all treatment. It was said that my lungs were ulcerated, bronchial tubes in an awful condition caused from scrofula, and my liver badly ulcerated; such was the opinion of the physician. At this time my friends had lost all hopes of a recovery, as my case was considered to be one of hopeless consumption. I had lost my voice and had not been able to speak a loud word, and only at times had strength enough to whisper, for over four months, and for much of the time unable to sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had lost the use of my right arm, and was scarcely able to feed myself.

At this stage of my case I was advised to consult I. G. Atwood and lady, of Lockport, N. Y., one a healing medium, the latter a clairvoyant; consequently, by my request, Mr. J. W. Cliff wrote him, and without informing him of my case or anything about me, and what was my surprise to find an immediate answer, giving an accurate description of my case, and stating that I was curable. A gleam of hope appeared; I was taken to his residence forthwith, where I arrived on the 24th of December last, expecting to be obliged to go to bed the first thing; but again was my surprise awakened and increased, for as soon as I was fairly in the room in Mr. and Mrs. A.'s presence, I felt and experienced, as it were, new life and strength emanating from them, and from that moment the healing influence seemed to arouse the vital energies of my entire system, and in two weeks under their treatment I was able to walk a mile without fatigue and talk as well as ever; and all this was brought about without medicine. I can now say that I feel like a new man, enjoying as good health as ever, except as to strength, which is rapidly increasing.

The accuracy with which Mrs. A. will, and does, examine diseased persons and point out the causes and remedy, while in the clairvoyant or seeing state, is worthy of the investigation of scientific men. She has no other data to go by than the name, age and residence, and the applications are generally by letter.

In conclusion, allow me to say that I have given this to the public for two reasons; first to avoid the necessity of relating to my numerous inquiring friends my experience and miraculous cure, as often as the case demands; second, that many now suffering from disease may know that they can have a thorough examination of their case made, and a speedy remedy, (if curable) pointed out, at a trifling expense, by applying to I. G. Atwood, of Lockport.

No. 14 DIVISION-STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. S. COOPER.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL.—Of the singular power of this wonderful creature much has been written, and some things said which appear almost incredible. This fish abounds in the rivers of North and South Carolina, and many of its wonderful and astonishing exploits are recounted and recorded there. In the waters of Massachusetts Bay it is so seldom seen that the following circumstances seem worth relating, and are the narrator's own words. Captain Walker of Provincetown, recently, while running a schooner from that place to Boston, was overtaken by night off Cohasset Rocks, and was running into Boston channel in the evening. At about eight o'clock, it being very dark, and his vessel moving slowly in, he dropped over his lead to ascertain the depth of the water, and, on slowly pulling in his line, he felt something cold upon it, and, thinking it might be a bit of kelp or rockweed, was about to throw it off, when it fastened around his wrist. He endeavored to shake off the eel when suddenly bringing it tail around, it struck his arm with considerable force, and giving the worthy captain such a shock as sent him reeling to the deck. Recovering a little, he proceeded to seize the fish and cast it overboard, when he received a second shock from the battery, that caused him to call for aid, uttering a scream that must have been heard for miles. Determined not to be overcome by so paltry an object as a small eel, he proceeded once more to discharge his eldship, but was a third time repulsed, and with greater force than before, laying him prostrate at full length upon the deck. His men immediately ran to the rescue, and bore the captain almost senseless aft, where medical aid could be administered. Never having heard of such wonderful power of the electrical eel, the greatest consternation prevailed, and the vessel rushing on in the thick darkness, they knew not where, the anchors were got out with much difficulty, and they waited impatiently the return of day, actually supposing some evil spirit had seized upon them, and that for the night they were to be the sport of their orgies.

GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD.—A Russian Counsellor of State has recently published a work styled, "Gold and Silver—their origin, and the amount extracted from all countries of the known world, from the most remote times till the year, 1855. The following particulars are of interest:

"The amount of gold and silver annually taken from the mines of Europe, including Russia, is 26,805 kilogrammes, of the former (27-10 pounds to the kilogramme), and 161,444 kilogrammes of the latter, valued together at \$25,000,000. In America, including California, the annual product is 169,834 kilogrammes of gold and 755,180 kilogrammes of silver, worth, in all, \$146,000,000. In Asia, the annual product is 2700 kilogrammes of gold, and 110,000 of silver, amounting in value to \$22,000,000. In Africa, no silver mines are wrought, and only 4020 kilogrammes of gold are produced, valued at \$2,600,000. Australia, too, yields no silver, but the annual product of gold amounts to 390,360 kilogrammes, valued at \$200,000,000. Sum total in all parts of the world, 510,199 kilogrammes of gold, and 1,020,624 kilogrammes of silver, valued together at 1,988,000,000 francs, or over \$397,000,000. The whole sum extracted from the earliest times up to the present will amount to 15,314,653 kilogrammes of gold, and 254,410,170 of silver, worth together something more than \$20,536,000,000."

The annual production of the precious metals at the present time is enormous. At the present rate we gain more in fifty years than our ancestors did in fifty centuries. The annual increase of gold and silver for the period of three years ending 1851 more than doubled that of any previous year, amounting to 610,000,000 francs; and in the last four years ending 1855 it has increased nearly 150 percent, and now amounts to 1,592,631,651 francs, or \$318,526,350. America has furnished more gold and silver—double the amount—than Europe, Africa, and Australia put together; and only \$20,000,000 less than Asia has furnished since the beginning of the world.—*New Yorker*.

"THE DECLINE OF CATHOLICISM."—In Austria there are more than three and a half million Protestants. In France there are many Protestants, who are protected by law, and the annual Papal revenue has sunk since the revolution, from \$30,000,000 to about \$20,000,000. In Sardinia the King has gone steadily onward in the reformation of Papal abuses—maintaining his way at the risk of excommunication, and granting religious liberty to all denominations. In Tuscany much disaffection has long existed. In Naples, the King has firmly resisted the Jesuits, and shows some independence of the Vatican. In Spain, the waning of Rome's power is unmistakable, and the government has effectually confiscated the conventual property. In the Canadas, the Valley of the Mississippi, the Floridas, Texas, it has succumbed to Protestant Governments. In Brazil, Chili, and Central America, liberal sentiments are advancing; while New Granada, Venezuela, and the Argentine Republic, have formally proclaimed liberty of worship. In Mexico, the estates of the Church have been confiscated to the amount of \$50,000,000.—*Tribune*.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY IN IOWA.—The Burlington, Iowa, *Gazette*, says while some workmen were engaged in excavating for the cellar of Governor Grimes' new building, on the corner of Main and Valley streets, they came upon an arched vault ten feet square, which on being opened was found to contain eight human skeletons of gigantic proportions. The walls of the vault were about fourteen inches thick, well laid with cement or indestructible mortar. The vault is about six feet deep from the base to the arch. The skeletons are in a good state of preservation, and are the largest human remains ever found, being a little over eight feet long.

SLEEP.—Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep. If then we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished and, like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment withers and wastes away until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac. The practical inferences which we wish to impress upon the reader are two: 1. By all means sleep enough, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have not only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is, when waked up before the nap is out. 2. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning; hence the morning is the best time for study; for then the brain has most strength, most activity, and must work more clearly. It is "the midnight lamp" which floods the world with sickly sentimentalities, with false morals, with rickety theology, and with all those harum-scarum dreams of human elevation which abnegate Bible teachings.—*Dr. Hall's Monthly*.

A BROKEN HEART.—"Did he strike you?" asked a judge in Cincinnati, of a witness who had testified that her husband abused her. "No, sir," replied the modest and delicate looking woman, "he has never struck me, though he has often threatened to do it. He abuses me and I am obliged to flee from his presence." "Did he break any of the furniture?" asked the Court. "No, sir," responded the witness, as a tear dropped from her eye, and as she placed her hand on her bosom. "No, sir, he did not break the furniture, but he has frequently threatened to break my heart, for he is doing it, sir." Poor woman! she evidently spoke the truth. The bloated monster who stood beside her, though he had once solemnly promised to love and protect her, is now her most bitter persecutor, her sorest trouble. No doubt he once did love her. No doubt but that at one time he would rather have died than cause a bitter tear to start from her soft blue eyes, but intemperance has unmanned, brutalized him, and he is now breaking her heart. Heaven help the drunkard's wife!

A DREAM VERIFIED.—A recent number of the *Mail*, printed in Glasgow, Scotland, gives the following account of a remarkable dream and its verification: "For some weeks a man, of the name of Liston, has been missing from Blairgowrie, and was supposed to have fallen into the river Isla, near Cupar Angus, and been drowned. Every exertion was made to discover the body at the time he was missing, but every effort proved unsuccessful. It has, however, cast up in rather a singular manner. A plowman in the neighborhood dreamed that he saw Liston, and asked him what had become of him. Liston stated that he had been murdered and thrown into the Isla, and that his body was lying off a certain point at the Braes of Banclachy. Two parties, on hearing of the dream, went to the spot indicated, and, on dragging the river, strange to tell, found the body." Label this story "an impression," and intimate that it was made on the mind of the dreamer by the Spirit of the murdered man, and no one would believe it; but head it "a remarkable dream," and the world will swallow it at a gulp! So we go.

THE TWO TUBS.—One morning, when Diogenes came out of his tub to see the sun rise from the sea, he perceived with surprise that the light fell upon two tubs instead of one. A young man of high rank had formed the resolution of becoming a philosopher like the admired and derided Diogenes, and had in the night taken his tub to Cenchrae. "Well my son," said the old man, "I see Wisdom has found a disciple." The youth smiled at the praise of the philosopher.

Then Diogenes took his tub, rolled it toward the sea, and pushed it into the water.

The youth looked surprised, whereupon Diogenes said: "I have found at length in thee a worthy disciple. Now complete the victory over thyself; deliver up thy possessions to me, and I will go and distribute them among the poor."

The youth answering: "I have still some affairs to arrange at home," left his tub, and went his way.

Then Diogenes smiled, and said: "These strange men! They think that to live in a tub is enough. But they deceive themselves; how can they then be candid toward others?"

But the rich youth tarried at home, and was ashamed, feeling that he had only now taken the first step on the road to wisdom.—*Krummacher*.

PETRIFIED SHIP.—The Beardstown *Illinoisian* says: "While visiting a friend in Sangamon Bottom, in this county, a short time since, we were called to examine a specimen of stone which he had lately taken from a neighboring quarry. The curiosity consisted of two sandstone rocks, which were found joining each other in contextual form, which, when separated, the face of one presented the appearance of having been a part of the side of a vessel, near the gunwale. There seems to have been an over-lapping of the timber, in the form of molding, around the vessel. The work of art is as plain to be seen on the stone as on the floating vessel. The holes formed by the nails are very distinct, as well as the fossilized texture of the wood. There are also pieces of iron with the specimen, which seems to have been used, instead of caulking, between the strips of plank."

An itinerant preacher of Virginia being invited to hold forth in one of the back settlements, took for his text the words, "Though after my skin-worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," divided his text into three parts, thus, "First, the skin worms; secondly, what they done; and thirdly, what the man seen after he was eat up."

OUT-OF-DOOR EXERCISE.—Every woman, every fashionable woman even, has a heart—at least considered as the organ of circulation—and blood vessels, on the healthy play of which depends the bloom of her face, and which will not play healthily without out-of-door exercise. She has also muscles and ligaments, which have to brace her up, hold her together, and keep her clean-limbed, but will do nothing of the sort for long, unless they are maintained in proper tension by the same means. Let her loiter about all day in a close "muggy" house, instead of exerting herself for a due time in the fresh air, and she quickly begins to droop and look unwholesome. Soon her complexion fades or grows discolored, her features are puffed or shrunken, her form either wastes or swells; she gets either haggard and lanky, or round and fat; her figure tumbles all of a heap; her ankles give out, her feet spread and flatten; her elastic step becomes a waddle; and her person altogether acquires the style of a cow. Brilliant eyes, on the other hand, complexion to match, features retaining the chiseled outline, a slim and smart figure, neatly-turned ankles, finely arched insteps, are the reward of walking or riding out at a good pace, and for a reasonable distance, every practicable day.—*New Yorker*.

LAZARUS AND HIS GRAVE CLOTHES.—When the Lord had awakened his beloved Lazarus from the sleep of death, the newly-risen man was like unto one who had been roused from a morning dream. He looked around and gazed upon the grave clothes, which had been taken off from him.

When they had entered the house, and were rejoicing among themselves, Mary approached her beloved brother with a smile, and asked: "Why gazedst thou so thoughtfully on the grave-clothes thou didst leave in the darksome cave where thou hadst slept? The glance of thine eye was peculiar and full of meaning."

When Lazarus answered: "Mary, I was like one in a dream; I knew not that my soul had returned to life, but I seemed to quit the earth, and to ascend to another world."

"But," said Mary, "how could the grave-clothes and the napkin attract thy gaze?"

Lazarus answered: "They seemed to be the earthly garment of my Spirit, which in the ardent feeling of a newly awakened life I imagined to have put off."

"How?" said Mary, "thou didst believe thy resurrection to life to be the dissolution by the hand of death?"

Then the young man smiled, and said: "Thou sayest it. Are not both one, Mary?"—*Krummacher*.

SOME NOSE.—The following incident we had from a friend who knew the party: Deacon Comstock, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belonged, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects as these had he ever before witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it as he supposed on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read: "Warranted to hold out two hundred yards."

LAMARTINE.—This illustrious poet-statesman is now an object of public sympathy. By a failure of the grape crop upon his extensive estates, he has become involved to an extent that might well drive a younger and more hopeful man to despair. But this calamity only serves to develop new energies in its victim. Instead of repining over his lot, or contriving dexterous plans to cheat his creditors in part or in whole, as few would hesitate to do, Lamartine takes up his pen, puts on a cheerful look, and with a jaded brain and a half-broken heart, sits down at the age of sixty-five years, not to amass the means of luxury, not to lay up an inheritance for his children, not to add to his literary renown, but simply to pay his creditors. In a poorly furnished room of the Rue de l'Eveque, in Paris, he drudges and drudges far into the weary night, with all the industry, but, alas! none of the ambition, and none of the hope that inspired the toils of his youth.—*Life Illustrated*.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know, and consequently never love them after this life, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those that are dead, or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven and love them with a heavenly love.—*Baxter*.

LIVING ON SOULS.—A good Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly instalment. He had called on the steward a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. His wants at length becoming urgent, he went to his steward and told him he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" replied the steward. "You preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Souls!" replied the minister; I can't eat souls, and, if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

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